2. All things is handſome now my Lord.
Suf. Then draw the Curtaines againe and get you gon,
And you ſhall haue your firme reward anon.
Exit murtherers.
Enter the King and Queene, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Duke of Somerſet, and the Cardinall.
King. My Lord of Suffolke go call our Vnkle Gloſter,
Tell him this day we will that he do cleere himſelfe.
Suffolke. I will my Lord. *Exit Suffolke.*
K. And good my Lords proceed no further 'gainſt our vnckle,
Then by iuſt proofe you can affirme:
For as the ſucking childe or harmleſſe Lambe,
So is he innocent of treaſon to our State.
Enter Suffolke.
How now Suffolke, where's our Vnckle?
Suf. Dead in his bed, my Lord of Gloſters dead.
The King falls in a ſound.
Queene. Aye me, the King is dead: helpe, helpe, my Lords.
Suf. Comfort my Lord, gracious *Henry* comfort.
King. What doth my Lord of Suffolke bid me comfort?
Came he euen now to ſing a Rauens note,
And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,
By crying comfort through a hollow voyce,
Can ſatisfie my greefes, or eaſe my heart?
Thou balefull meſſenger out of my ſight,
For euen in thine eye-balls murther ſits:
Yet do not goe. Come Baſiliske
And kill the gazer with thy lookes.
Queen. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus,
As if that he had cauſd Duke *Humfries* death?
The Duke and I too you know were enemies,
And y'had beſt ſay that I did murther him.
King. Ah woe is me for wretched Gloſters death.
Qu. Be woe for me more wretched then he was:
What doſt thou turne away and hide thy face?
I am no loathſome Leaper, looke on me.
Was I for this nigh wrackt vpon the ſea,

And thrice by aukward winds driuen back frō Englāds bounds?
What might it bode, but that well foretelling
Winds ſaid, Seeke not a ſcorpions neſt.
Enter the Earles of Warwicke & Salisbury.
War. My Lord, The Commons like an hungry hiue of Bees,
Run vp and downe, caring not whom they ſting,
For good Duke *Humfries* death, whom they report
To be murthered by *Suffolke* and the Cardinall heere.
King. That he is dead good Warwicke, is too true,
But how he dyed God knowes, not *Henry*.
War. Enter his priuy chamber my Lord, and view the body.
Good father ſtay you with the rude multitude, till I returne.
Salisb. I will ſonne. *Exit Salisbury*
Warwicke drawes the Curtaines, and ſhewes Duke Humfrey in his bed.
King. Ah Vnkle Gloſter, heauen receiue thy ſoule,
Farewell poore *Henries* ioy now thou art gone.
War. Now by his ſoule that tooke our ſhape vpon him,
To free vs from his Fathers dreadfull curſe,
I am reſolu'd that violent hands were laide
Vpon the life of this thrice famous Duke.
Suf. A dreadfull oath, ſworne with a ſolemne tongue,
What inſtance giues Lord *Warwicke* for theſe words?
War. Oft haue I ſeene a timely parted Ghoſt,
Of aſhy ſemblance, pale and bloodleſſe;
But loe the blood is ſetled in his face,
More better coloured then when he liu'd.
His well proportion'd beard made rough and ſterne,
His fingers ſpred abroad as one that graſpt for life,
Yet was by ſtrength ſurpriſd, the leaſt of theſe are probable,
It cannot chooſe but he was murthered.
Qu. Suffolke, and the Cardinall had him in charge,
And they I truſt ſir, are no murtherers.
War. I, but tis well knowne they were not his friends,
And tis well ſeene he found ſome enemies.
Card. But haue ye no greater proofes then theſe?
War. Who ſees a heyfer dead and bleeding freſh,

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